



W. Birrell sculp.

ANNA CHAMBER, Countess TEMPLE.

*From a Portrait by Hamilton in the Collection  
at STRAWBERRY HILL.*

*Published by T. Kington, 1798.*

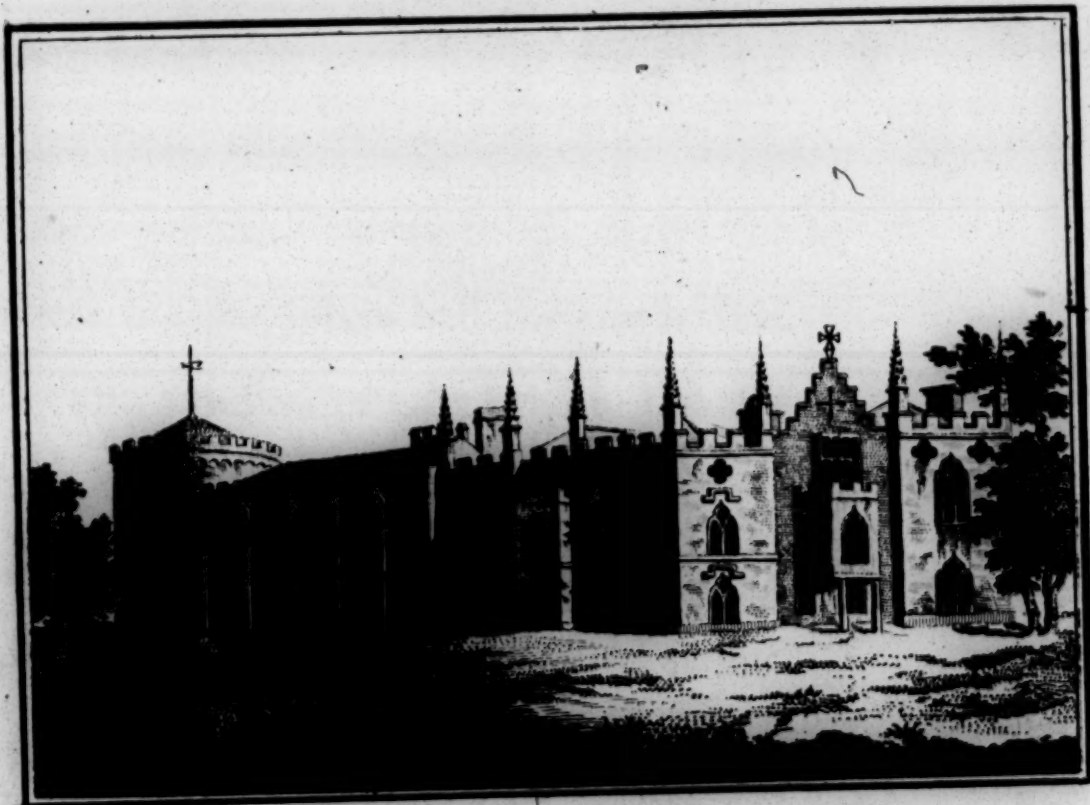
# P O E M S

BY

*Grenville*  
R

***ANNA CHAMBER***

**COUNTESS TEMPLE.**



**STRAWBERRY-HILL:**

**PRINTED in the YEAR MDCCLXIV.**



B L

**L**ONG had been lost enchanting Sappho's Lyre,  
It's gracefull warblings, and it's tender fire.

No more the guardians of th' Aonian well  
To wanton hands wou'd trust their sacred shell.  
When wand'ring careless o'er the tunefull hill,  
When wand'ring thoughtless of th' inspiring rill,  
Chance guided TEMPLE to the secret shade,  
Where the shy sisters had the music laid.  
It's form unusual caught her curious eye;  
She touch'd it, and it murmur'd melody.  
Across the chords an artless sweep she flings;  
Airs, vernal airs, return the vocal strings.  
Again her fingers o'er the lines she throws;  
Spontaneous numbers from her touch arose.  
Surpriz'd she hears th' unmeditated lay;  
Pleas'd and surpriz'd, repeats th' harmonious play:

“ Whence



“ Whence flow these numbers undesign’d ?” she cries.

“ Those numbers are your own,” the Lyre replies.

“ The seeds of genuine Poesy, tho’ unknown,

“ By parent Phœbus in your soul were sown :

“ Too modest to expect the growth you see,

“ To wake them into life you wanted me.”

JANUARY 26th,  
1764.

HORACE WALPOLE.

VERSES



## V E R S E S

Written in 1756, on

Lady ELIZABETH KEPPEL

Putting her hood over her face, like a veil, in the  
temple of Venus at Stowe.

**I**N Venus's temple Eliza for fun  
Dress'd herself in a veil, and appear'd like a nun.  
The actions of mortals from gods can't be hid:  
'Twas gossip'd to Venus herself, what she did;  
For Venus too often is busy, you know,  
In coquetting with Mars, to regard things below.

B

The



The goddess, in rage, puts her doves to her car.---

“ Tho’ late in the ev’ning I’d go twice as far

“ To drive the wretch thence from prophaning my walls ;

“ None shou’d ever turn nuns except those who have calls :

“ And those who have calls, to Diana belong,

“ (There’s no danger a croud to her altar shou’d throng.”)

She alights at the temple, “ Why how now ? she crys,

“ Turn nun with that skin, with that hair, and those eyes !

“ To me be devoted, I’ll soften their look :

“ My maxims are easily learnt without book.

“ A train of admirers shall follow your nod :

“ A goddess yourself ;---each admirer a god.”---

The maiden looks down, and replies with a blush,

“ I pretend to no beauty.---the goddess crys, ’hush ;

“ No excuse will I take ; no great matter I ask ;

“ I never list those that can’t equal the task.”---

Then smiling retires, to the nymph bids adieu.

Away gallop the doves and set off with a coo.

Eliza accepts the good omen with joy.---

Resolv’d for the future she’d not be too coy.

APOLLO’s

## APOLLO's ROUT.

**A**POLLO facetious and merry, no doubt  
 The Muses to please, had a mind to a rout;  
 Wing'd Hermes was order'd to rap at each door,  
 Who smil'd at commands never given before.---  
 Let the deities know that Apollo's at home,  
 And begs they will do him the honour to come.  
 Upon hearing the news mark Diana the prude;  
 "What, go to the god who to Daphne was rude?  
 "My compliments make; I'm engag'd on that day,  
 "And have bus'ness below too that can't be said nay." -  
 The house put in order the chairs in a row,  
 Apollo as fine and perfum'd as a beau,  
 Puts on his white glove and conducts the guests in;  
 The goddesses come all dress'd out to a pin:  
 The tea carry'd round for the ladies if dry,  
 To Juno the first, to the rest by and by;  
 The nectar I mean, for a goddess, d'ye see,  
 Sips nectar when thirsty instead of green tea.---

The



The card tables plac'd and the parties all made,  
 At games most in fashion the company play'd;  
 When lo, Venus was miss'd!---" why where is she flown?  
 " They cry out all at once, she can ne'er be alone:  
 " And what is still stranger the men are all here!  
 " She's come to some dreadful disaster we fear."  
 These words were repeated again and again;  
 When a rap at the door puts them out of their pain;  
 Fair Venus comes laughing,---" Ill tell you fine news,  
 " I'm just come from earth, so my dress you'll excuse;  
 " (But first my respects to Apollo I pay,  
 " And apology make for my keeping away.)  
 " You know that I'm curious, I thought it was odd  
 " That Diana alone shou'd refuse the bright god;  
 " At a distance I follow'd, and what did I see  
 " But Endymion with her playing under a tree!  
 " The maid was so fond you'd have sworn it was me.  
 " She had business you see, she has told you no lye,  
 " She's no better than me, but a little more fly."

The

The company parted all ready to burst,  
 And happy was she, that cou'd tell it the first.  
 To suspect you, ye Prudes, cannot now be thought rude;  
 Diana herself 'till found out was a Prude.

## T H E

## M I C E, a F A B L E.

**T**HE harrafs'd Mice in convocation sat,  
 On ways and means to circumvent the Cat;  
 To save their fortunes and secure the state,  
 Which scheme the best, occasion'd wise debate;  
 They weigh'd and canvass'd ev'ry specious plan;  
 All were rejected by the grave divan.  
 At length a florid young and travell'd Mouse  
 With pert assurance thus harangu'd the house:  
 " Vers'd tho' I am not in the musty rules,  
 " And shallow learning of pedantic schools,  
 " Nor hoary age hath furrow'd deep my cheek,  
 " Yet youth can think, and as it thinks will speak;

C

" Haply



" Haply my mind suggests a rare device  
" From the fierce Cat to save the harmless Mice ;  
" That green-ey'd monster shall no longer prey  
" On our devoted heads, and killing play ;  
" A bell ty'd round his neck will let us know  
" Timely th' approach of our insidious foe ;  
" Ourselves, our wives, and children thus at ease  
" May tread the loft and feast on cheshire cheese ;  
" May safely pace the dairy's cleanly round,  
" Where seas of milk, unfathom'd seas ! are found.  
" May nightly visit the rich larder's store,  
" And not a cat shall e'er devour us more.  
" Thanks to kind heav'n, it is reserv'd for me  
" To save our race, and set the people free."  
He ceas'd, with conscious pride resum'd his place,  
And wip'd with curling tail his sweaty face.  
Th' applauding multitude of Mice approve,  
And wish some Mouse of consequence wou'd move  
The thanks of the whole house ; for sage and clear  
Of all objection did the scheme appear.

When

When rose for wisdom fam'd an hoary Mouse,  
 Silent 'till now; th' indulgence of the house  
 He smiling pray'd,—" The member that spoke last,  
 " In my opinion seems to run too fast,  
 " And in his hurry has forgot to tell,  
 " What doughty hero will tye on the bell."

## MARBLE-HILL.

**T**HAT Birds can speak from bough to bough,  
 And converse hold, I know not how,  
 Can enter into high debate,  
 And settle all their little state,  
 I had from one that understood  
 The jargon of th' adjacent wood.  
 One day they met by joint consent,  
 And chose the Raven president;  
 No orator was he, like Pitt,  
 But for the destin'd office fit:  
 His voice, tho' hoarse, was strong and good,  
 And might be heard throughout the wood:

They



They rise---he beg'd their longer stay  
 To hear some words he had to say;  
 " O feather'd tribe, that chant so sweet,  
 " I move you that your synod meet;  
 " That our full chorus be begun  
 " Before to morrow's rising fun.  
 " This tribute custom bids us pay,  
 " To celebrate the first of May:  
 " With hast'ning wing let's cut the air,  
 " And strait to \* Marble-Hill repair:"  
 Arriv'd, before they go to rest  
 They seek the spot will suit them best,  
 To tune their notes to fragrant May,  
 And joyous hop from spray to spray.  
 The grotto is the place, they cry.  
 The fittest for our melody;  
 There orange trees sweet odours send,  
 With flowers their loaded branches bend;  
 The scatter'd blossoms friendly meet,  
 To make a carpet for the feet;

The

\* The Villa of Henrietta Countess Dowager of Suffolk at Twickenham.

The myrtle and the laurel green  
 With roses beautify the scene ;  
 The jasmin and the lilac too  
 Deserve, and justly claim, their due ;  
 In delicacy never beat,  
 They make the charming scene compleat :  
 Flow'rs of each hue in knots around  
 Diversify th' enamel'd ground :  
 The rustic grot, tho' nam'd the last,  
 Adds beauty by the fine contrast :  
 Huge trees, and rocks conjunctive rise,  
 To hide this spot from vulgar eyes.  
 The Songsters here, with chearful notes,  
 Extend their emulating throats,  
 In extasy devoutly pay  
 Their duty to delightful May.---  
 The croaking Raven tries in vain  
 To tempt the vagrants back again ;  
 Grown Birds of taste, they vow and swear  
 No earthly pleasure they will share :

D

For



For earthly pleasure much too nice,  
They now are Birds of Paradise.

T H E

## City-Mouse and Country-Mouse,

A F A B L E.

**A** Lady Mouse of Berkeley-square  
Dies for a little country air;

With galloping from rout to rout,

Her puny carcase is worn out.

A London mile, or something more,

Now leads her to a cottage door,

Where dwells content an humble Mouse,

Her cousin, mistress of the house.

The London dame, with airs and graces

Convuls'd, her cousin thus addresses.---

" Long have I wish'd, my dear, 'tis true,

" To come and ask you how you do:

" But weighty business will prevent

" The kindest and the best intent.

" Your

" Your hour of dinner can't be o'er,

" St. James's has but just struck four ;

" In the great world no Mouse alive

" Can bear to dine 'till after five."---

The country Mouse was forc'd to own

That she had always din'd by one ;

However she wou'd do her best,

To entertain her lady guest.

In wond'rous haste the cloth is spread,

Then oatmeal, bacon, pease and bread,

The last remains of all her hoard,

Cover the hospitable board.

" I wish your mouseship may be able

" To make a meal at my poor table ;

" I hope another time you'll fend

" When such an honour you intend ;

" It shou'd have been my greatest care

" To have procur'd more dainty fare."

" Oh, no excuses, cries the dame,

" Impertinently looking blame ;

" Indeed



" Indeed your dinner's mighty well,  
" Your bacon good, and clean your cell :  
" But constantly the same dull scene,  
" Say what you will, must give the spleen :  
" And since we all must yield to fate,  
" Man, cat, and mouse both small and great ;  
" Enjoy the blifs the gods have giv'n ;  
" Town is, my dear, a Mouse's heav'n ;  
" Forever there we dance and play,  
" Turn day to night and night to day.  
" Bid to your cot a long adieu ;  
" I love the town and so will you :  
" This very night you shall fet out ;  
" I'll introduce you to a rout."  
At twelve to Cleveland-house they go,  
The lobby enter a-propos ;  
The servants hurrying up and down,  
A feast prepar'd for the whole town.  
Our lady Mouse, elate with pride  
At all this pomp, in rapture cry'd,

" How

" How many slaves for me prepare  
 " A banquet which the gods might share !"  
 The company, at break of day,  
 Ring for their chairs and go away ;  
 Blest minute for our little Mice !  
 Who leave their corner in a trice ;  
 Taste ev'ry soup and high ragout,  
 Of colour, yellow, red, and blue :  
 O'er walks of gravel run alert,  
 Which lead them through the rich desert ;  
 Demolish half the tow'r of Babel  
 That grac'd the middle of the table ;  
 Cull sweetmeats from each shrub and tree,  
 Of all the curious sorts they see ;  
 Whilst in the glasses the vain creatures  
 Steal a fond look at their own features.  
 The rural Mouse now scorns her cell,  
 And to the country bids farewell :  
 Disdains insipid peace and quiet ;  
 Adores the very thought of riot :

E

When



When lo! grown loud by dint of ale,  
 An heap of men the door assail;  
 And fav'rite Chloe yelping comes,  
 With all her puppies, for the crumbs.  
 No wonder if our Mice they scare,  
 Who scamp'ring run from chair to chair;  
 To hide, or get away unable;  
 The reeling posse clear the table;  
 Then with a bounce clap to the door,  
 And quiet once again restore.  
 The London dame resumes her airs,  
 Is shock'd to see such awkward bears;  
 Yet hopes her cousin will pursue  
 The ways of pleasure, always new;  
 Variety is never thought  
 However purchas'd, dearly bought.  
 The rural Mouse with fright half dead,  
 Bred up in truth and freedom said,  
 " This house I own is wond'rous fine,  
 " In grandeur too you sup and dine;

" But

“ But ease and quiet I prefer  
“ To restless pride and anxious care :  
“ Cautious I’ll shun the golden bait,  
“ And never sup again in state.

T O T H E

D U K E of D O R S E T,

O n h i s B I R T H - D A Y.

A C C E P T, with unambitious views,  
The tribute of a female muse ;

Free from all flattery and art,

She only boasts an honest heart ;

An heart, that truly feels your worth,

And hails the day that gave you birth.

Of younger men let others boast,

Dorset shall be my constant toast ;

Nor need the gayer world be told,

That Dorset never can grow old ;

All with unerring truth agree,

There’s none so blith, so gay, as he :

With



With sprightly wit his jokes abound,  
 Well bred he deals good humour round :  
 The maid forgets her fav'rite swain,  
 When Dorset speaks, he fights in vain :  
 The lover too do all he can,  
 Strives but in vain to hate the man.  
 With this kind wish I end my lays,  
 Be ever young with length of days.

T O

Lady ELIZABETH GERMAIN,  
 On her BIRTH-DAY.

**T**HE circl'ing year brings back the day  
 That tempts my muse to tune her lay ;  
 Her gratefull lay, her sweetest strain :  
 Why from thy praise shou'd I refrain ?  
 Why not with humble pen proclaim  
 My joy and pride, thy virtuous fame ?  
 May social pleasure, void of strife,  
 Gild the calm ev'ning of thy life !

With

With loud huzzas thy health goes round,  
 And ecchoing roofs thy health resound;  
 Than either Gunning honour'd more;  
 A darling toast of seventy-four!  
 In the mild lustre of whose eye  
 Beam still the rays of Charity;  
 Diffusing sweetness o'er thy face;  
 Sweetness, that well supplies the place  
 Of roses, which in early spring  
 The little loves were wont to bring:  
 Where sober Wisdom and fair Truth  
 Smiling forget the loss of youth.  
 If age so many lovers gain,  
 Each girl will wish to be Germain.

TO THE  
**DUCHESS of DORSET,**  
 On her BIRTH-DAY, *April 1st.*

**Y**E sweetest shrubs with blossom gay,  
 That never us'd to flow'r 'til May,

F

Expand



Expand your leaves, and prove your worth ;  
 Let April morn now call ye forth !  
 Avaunt rude frost and north-east wind ;  
 Come gentle Zephyr ever kind,  
 Attended with refreshing rain,  
 Come dress the woods and deck the plain ;  
 Smile on our joys and festive mirth,  
 For know this day gave Dorset birth.  
 But see the gay procession move  
 To chearfull pipes, from yonder grove ;  
 Of woodland nymphs a sprightly band  
 With each a garland in her hand ;  
 Play-full to crown her chosen fawn,  
 That trips it with her on the lawn.  
 O'er couflips wan, o'er spiry grafs  
 With daifies py'd, so light they pass,  
 The wild thyme, and the vi'let sweet  
 Escape the touch of their swift feet.  
 O'er many a hill and verdant dale  
 They reach at length the sacred vale,

Of Dryads old the fav'rite place,  
 Where spreading oaks the woodland grace,  
 Where ruins mark Time's pow'rfull hand:  
 The mossy walls that tott'ring stand,  
 Seem strengthen'd by the ivy's twine,  
 Which o'er the breaches kindly join.

Near these is seen the rural cell,

Where Pan himself wou'd joy to dwell.

The nymphs with myrtle strew the way,  
 And thus begin their roundelay.

" Here gentle Dorset void of pride,

" Retiring lays her state aside;

" Here, weighs with philosophic mind

" The various woes of human kind:

" Her tender heart feels all their grief,

" Her gen'rous hand supplies relief;

" The worthy object Prudence shews,

" And Charity the gift bestows.

" We sing of Dorset great and good,

" Protectress of our sacred wood:

" Of



“ Of Dorset, by whose taste and care,  
“ Such scenes and vernal sweets we share,  
“ Range undisturb’d through ev’ry grove,  
“ And sacrifice to peace and Love.  
“ Accept our thanks on bended knee,  
“ Great patroness of liberty:  
“ Long may the pride of rising May,  
“ Yield to the charms of April day!”  
The sun bursts forth in brightest rays,  
To shew the god confirms the praise.

THE  
L A D Y and the S P I D E R,  
A F A B L E.

**T**HERE liv’d, no matter when or where,  
In days of old a dame most fair;  
For cleanliness a proverb grown,  
No house so neat in all the town:  
Each crack and corner of the room  
Was dusted well by cloth and broom;

For

For shou'd a Spider there be found,  
The maids were surely scolded round.  
Yet oft these cunning insects lie  
Unseen to the most prying eye.  
But thus to deviate I'm to blame;  
How shall I introduce my Dame?  
Carving at dinner shall she be,  
Or breakfasting on bohea tea?  
At breakfast then a knife was laid,  
Of polish'd steel the shining blade:  
She seiz'd a roll with eager hand,  
And of the knife had no command:  
She cut a piece of bread 'tis true,  
But with the bread her finger too:  
The trickling blood ran on the floor,  
She bled a pint or may be more.  
Th'affrighted maid knelt by her side,  
To stop the blood she vainly try'd.  
A Spider huge, by all unseen,  
Perchance was left behind the screen:



To speak at will that brutes were able

I must insist, or spoil my fable.

The Spider cry'd and shook his head,

" 'Tis time to speak, she's almost dead.

" Here take my web and wrap the wound,

" Therein the strongest styptic's found.

" Now learn, fair Lady, learn from me

" Good-nature and humanity;

" And may this merit end our strife,

" You fought my death, I give you life.

— TO THE

## DUCHESS of LEEDS,

Who being ill desir'd me to send her a Copy  
of Verses to cure her.

**P**HOEBUS, 'tis said, in ancient times

In phyfic dealt, as well as rhymes;

Two sciences in one cou'd blend,

Which on each other much depend.

But

But modern quacks have lost the art,  
 Like him, to touch the human heart,  
 And reach of life: the sacred feat  
 They know not how the pulses beat:  
 Yet take their fee and write their bill,  
 In barb'rous prose resolv'd to kill.  
 But I, who long to save the life  
 Of the best mother, friend, and wife,  
 Send to your grace my magic spell,  
 ---And now I know you're mighty well.

## The L I O N in Love,

### A F A B L E.

**W**HEN brutes cou'd speak, it came to pass,  
 A Lion met a Country-Lass,  
 Who lightly trip'd it o'er the green,  
 A fairer maid was never seen.  
 He shap'd to smiles his savage jaw;  
 He wag'd his tail and smooth'd his paw.

For



For frolic Cupid shot a dart,  
 That wounded through his hide his heart.  
 But notwithstanding all his graces,  
 His awkward court and soft grimaces,  
 Th' affrighted Maid attempts to fly;  
 Her trembling limbs their aid deny.---  
 The Lion thus---" Your flight forbear,  
 " From me no danger need you fear;  
 " An humble suppliant I come,  
 " Yourself the mistress of my doom;  
 " Unless one pitying look you lend,  
 " You kill your lover and your friend.  
 " Mankind you long have triumph'd o'er,  
 " But now you boast of something more:  
 " A stately Lion licks your hand,  
 " And couching lies at your command.  
 " Be then my wife, my joy, my pride,  
 " And let your reason be my guide."

The blushing virgin turns away,  
 And answers thus in dire dismay:

" On

" On sudden marriage to agree,

" May call in doubt my modesty ;

" My father first must give consent."

Then curtsy'd low and home she went.---

" Father, she crys, your ear prepare

" A new and wond'rous tale to hear."

Scarce had she told the story o'er,

When lo ! the lover at the door.

In stalks the Lion with an air ;

" Make haste and bring my blooming fair :

" For know we think it right and good

" To make her part'ner of our wood.---

The father then in humble guise,

And artfull language, thus replies :

" Great Sir, you condescend, I own,

" To let a ploughman call you son ;

" But yet the honour's purchas'd dear

" If she her hand bestow in fear.

" Pluck out your teeth and pare your claws,

" Such flatt'ry best will plead your cause ;

H

This



" This sacrifice to mighty love  
 " Will from her heart all fear remove:  
 " And proofs like these must surely win her;  
 " Then leave to me the wedding dinner:  
 " And for the monarch of the wood  
 " A feast shall be prepar'd of blood."---

Love bids the blinded Lion yield;  
 The articles are sign'd and seal'd:  
 The lawyers all she asks appoint her,  
 Half Libya's forests are her jointure.  
 Without or tooth, or tusk, or claw,  
 To keep his lovely bride in awe,  
 He smiling paces, whines in trebble;  
 And lisps like Garrick acting fribble.

The farmer hails the golden hour  
 That gives the tyrant to his pow'r:  
 With club up-lifted cleaves his head,  
 And lays the love-sick monster dead.

THE

THE  
ANT and FLY,  
A FABLE.

**A** Contest 'rose 'twixt Ant and Fly  
Concerning their precedency.

The Fly begins with warmth and pride

The point in question to decide :

“ Can such a grov'ling insect dare

“ With the transparent Fly compare ?

“ With me who never did disgrace

“ By work the lustre of my race !

“ Hence, crawl away, for crawl you must,

“ Born to enjoy your molehill dust.

“ While I the balmy moisture sip

“ From Hamilton's or Richmond's lip,

“ The unregarded lover sighs,

“ And views my bliss with envious eyes.

“ When



" When, to avert impending woes,

" The priests a sacrifice expose;

" Before the gods themselves I taste

" The reeking entrails of the beast :

" In solemn temples fit in state,

" And always mingle with the great.

" To kings and princes am so near,

" I sometimes gain the royal ear :

" At choicest tables eat and drink,

" Nor ever on the morrow think."---

The Ant, compos'd with decent pride,  
And equal temper, thus reply'd :

" Wretches you know of ev'ry kind

" Seek and at altars refuge find :

" About the ladies too each fop,

" Altho' despis'd, may buzz and hop :

" At court may show his shallow pate

" The object of contempt and hate.

" Who wou'd not wish to be a guest

" Invited to a splendid feast ;

" Yet

" Yet must I hold it monstrous rude,  
" When uninvited to intrude :  
" And tho' you think it mighty fine  
" Before the gods themselves to dine,  
" Partake of each libation pure,  
" In taste a perfect epicure ;  
" Have not these grov'ling eyes oft seen  
" A certain person, passing clean,  
" With luscious pleasure suck and eat  
" A rich ragout, not over sweet,  
" That lay behind the city wall,  
" Leaving no scraps, but eat it all ?  
" With cold and hunger almost dead  
" In Winter, where's your hoard of bread ?  
" In Summer long I sweat and toil,  
" In picking grain from ev'ry foil ;  
" With wholesome corn my house I store,  
" Proud, by my work, to feed the poor :  
" And when I pay that debt to fate,  
" Which you must pay, however great ;



" From some kind hand I only crave

" These lines, to grace my humble grave.---

" Here lies a small industrious Ant,

" Who died not rich, but far from want;

" Happy in life; in death resign'd;

" To flies a lesson---and mankind."

F I N I S.

# V E R S E S

S E N T T O

\* L A D Y C H A R L E S S P E N C E R

With a painted T A F F E T Y,

Occasioned by saying she was low in pocket and could  
not buy a new Gown.

SINCE the times are so bad and are still growing worse,  
You may make this your own without sinking your  
purse.

The nymphs and the fauns say the pattern is new,  
And that Flora's gay pencil design'd it, is true ;  
It was finish'd and destin'd for Beauty's fair queen ;  
So to whom it belongs is most easily seen.  
Tho' flow'rets soon wither, yet these will not die,  
When fading reviv'd by a beam from your eye :  
If you only breathe on them they'll fill the whole room  
With sweets far surpassing Arabia's perfume.  
Refuse not this trifle ; your title is clear,  
And Spencer will vouch it, tho' married a year.

\* Mary Beauclerc, daughter of lord Vere, and wife of lord Charles Spencer.



V E R S E S

SENT TO

LADY CHARLES SPENCER

With a painted Taffety

Occasioned by saying she was low in pocket and could not buy a new gown.

2  
You may make the poor own without taking your

The simple and the poor are the same

And the poor are the same as the rich

It was said that the poor are the same

So to whom is the poor is the same

The poor are the same as the rich

When the poor are the same as the rich

It was said that the poor are the same

With the poor are the same as the rich

But the poor are the same as the rich

And Spencer will make it the same

2  
Mary Spencer, daughter of Lord Spencer and wife of Lord Spencer



